

# The Silver City Sentinel.

VOLUME XXII.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1896.

NO. 18

## Attorneys at Law.

JAMES S. FIDLER, Attorney at Law.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

## Attorney at Law.

RICHMOND F. BARNES, Attorney at Law.

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## Attorneys at Law.

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SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

## Attorney at Law.

C. G. BELL, Attorney at Law.

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## Attorney and Counselor at Law.

C. J. MULVANE, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

## Attorneys.

H. L. PICKETT, Attorneys.

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## Attorney at Law.

T. F. CONWAY, Attorney at Law.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

## Physicians—Surgeons.

G. H. BOWERS, M.D., Physician and Surgeon.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

## Physician and Surgeon.

C. T. PHILLIPS, M.D., Physician and Surgeon.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

## Physician and Surgeon.

G. N. WOOD, M.D., Physician and Surgeon.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

## Societies.

O. E. S., Silver City Chapter No. 3, O. E. S., Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month at Masonic Hall.

Mrs. MARY B. LADD, Sec.

I. O. O. F., Helen Lodge, No. 7, Rebekah Degree, Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesday in each month at Odd Fellows Hall.

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## Official Directory.

THOMAS C. BROWN, Delegate to Congress.

W. T. THORNTON, Governor.

THOMAS C. BROWN, U. S. Collector.

THOMAS C. BROWN, U. S. District Attorney.

THOMAS C. BROWN, U. S. Marshal.

THOMAS C. BROWN, U. S. Deputy Marshal.

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## TETON AND TARTER.

TALE OF TWO GENTLEMEN OF THE FAR WESTERN.

The Judge from Wyoming Tells a Story of the Teton and Tarter.

He was white haired, blue eyed, fat and pudgy. He sat on one of the big sofas in the parlors of the Ironclad, gently swaying his big feet to and fro in front of his face. He was down on the hotel register as having from Wyoming. The clerk had written "Judge" in front of his name.

"Yes," he said, speaking very slowly, "I'm Judge. Judge who? Read the register. You can't make it out? I'm just the judge. I've been reading your papers here. Powerful lot of news you print. Seems to me such a busy people can't find time to read all you print. Starch and suicides and robberies. You have a fine streak of humanity here. It reminds me of the human nature of Teton Jackson. Who is Jackson? Well, well!"

"Out in our country," said the judge, after a moment's pause, "there's a fellow called Teton Jackson. He was one of the worst cowboys and desperadoes I ever heard of. After a series of violations of the law Jackson was caught in May seven years ago in the Big Horn battle by Sheriff Canton of Johnson county, Wyo. He was taken to Blackfoot, Idaho, and given 14 years in the Idaho penitentiary. A sign of relief floated over Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho when he was landed."

"I tell you, sir, he was a corker. He led as bold and reckless a band of outlaws as ever rode through the shades of night. The bandits and headquarters of the band were in the innermost recesses of that great mountain watershed from which spring the waters of the Green, the Wind and the Snake rivers. On that continental divide is a series of deep and remote mountain basins. In these basins hid Jackson and his gang. High above them rose the towering peaks of the 'Three Tetons.' These peaks look over four states. Jackson's Hole, Market Lake Glen and Teton basins are well known as cattle ranges. Jackson's Hole is where the outlaws hung out principally. In the midst of a vast moraine that only the initiated can reach is a strong fortress of logs, palisaded, loopholed and provisioned. The gang always retreated there."

"Market Lake Glen housed Bob Tarter, the fence of the gang. Tarter took the stock they stole, changed the brands and kept the animals until they could be driven off and sold. Tarter himself was a notorious criminal. Nine times he was arrested, and nine times did his captors fail to hold him on account of lack of evidence. He and Teton were the closest friends."

"Teton's capture seven years ago was due to an expedition he and Tarter planned. With only one of his men, Blacky Marks, Teton rode down from the mountains and went deep into Idaho. On the limits of the Blackfoot Indian reservation the two men rounded up 40 head of mares and colts from the ranges of Bitter and Blunt. They started with them for western Wyoming. Pursuit was prompt, and the trail was easy to follow. Along the route taken by Jackson and Marks the pursuers found the bodies of horses, strangled to death by the outlaws because they could not keep up with the fleet horses. The robbers reached the southern slopes of the Wind mountain before their pursuers, who lost the trail there and were forced to return to Blackfoot."

"A couple of cattlemen, however, took up the hunt and guessed that the robbers would strike pretty close to Johnson county, Wyo. They telegraphed to Sheriff Canton, who kept a lookout for the thieves, and, sure enough, they turned up in Johnson county. Canton set a red-hot pace in the chase. Accompanied by only one deputy, he ran the thieves to earth. In the dusk of an evening he surprised Teton in a hasty retreat from the Big Horn mountains. Jackson was secured, and Canton brought him and the stolen stock to Buffalo, the county seat of Johnson county. Blacky Marks had skipped away two days before, and was not caught."

"At Buffalo, Canton turned Jackson over to Hooford, one of the two men who divided the outlaws' course. Hooford took Teton to Blackfoot, where his trial was wound up in short order. Teton said at the trial that he would not serve his sentence, but would get out and do up Tarter, whom he accused of swindling him out of a share of the proceeds of a sale of stolen stock. While Teton was in custody, marks and posse started for Jackson's Hole. Bill Thompson, Teton's lieutenant, met them half way with his gang, and drove them back like wind plays with chaff. They went back to Blackfoot, where they found a message from Thompson, saying he was still about and would like to see them. They didn't go back, but kept on their way. Terton kept his word. He said from out the bars of the prison a sleeping daisy's fingers. He soon let every one know he was at large. Tarter got it first, I think. Where are Tarter and Teton now? God and themselves alone know. No claims out home is ever going to try to find out."

One gets an idea of the magnificent distances of the ear's realm from learning that a Russian general who was in a hurry to get to St. Petersburg from Vladivostok found the time saving route was to go to Yokohama by steamer, thence by another steamer across the Pacific to San Francisco, by rail to New York and by steamer to Europe. The gap between the finished sections of the Transiberian railroad is so many hundreds of miles in length that the general would have lost time in traveling the wilds of that vast country, where horses furnish all the transport.

## REHEARSED JULIET IN A GEMETERY.

Mary Anderson's Recitation and Third Work For a Stage Career.

Returning to Louisville from New York city, Juliet was begun on a new plan. I had learned from Mr. Vandenberg [who gave her a few lessons in elocution and acting] to turn my den into a stage. Imagining one of the walls the auditorium, it needed but a step further to crowd the house with an enthusiastic public, and a small audience was never far from Juliet's side. Chatter was made to represent the different characters, and a bust of Shakespeare's the Chorus, to my mind the finest of all, though unfortunately not as authentic as the Stratford—was placed at a proper height and converted into the "leading juvenile."

Clifford, Claude, Coleman, were the parts assigned to it, but as Romeo I imagined it looked least alone. Six months of solitary work was now begun. Dancing and modeling, which I was passionately fond, were renounced and my girlhood friends and companions given up. The exaggeration of youth led me to believe that complete concentration on the one subject would lead to success. The labor was particularly hard, working as I did in the dark, having no one to consult and no experience to guide me. I longed for help, which never came, except from my mother, who was as ignorant as I of the rules of dramatic art. Still we worked on, unconsciously, I producing effects, she criticizing them to the best of her ability.

Often in the middle of the night I would awaken her to show some new point. Indeed I owe much to her constant and loving interest and encouragement that I can ever hope to repay. To set the halcyon tones of Juliet's voice in the tomb and better realize my heroine's feelings on awakening in her "nest of death, contagion and funeral sleep," I frequently walked to Cave Hill, Louisville's beautiful cemetery, there to speak her lines through the grilles of a vault. Had a thorough schooling in the art been possible, instead of these random and anguished efforts, my work would have been halved, and its results doubled.—Mary Anderson De Navarro in Ladies' Home Journal.

We Wanted a Plumber.

"Man you sent to fix that range of ours?" asked a rural looking customer of the proprietor of a downtown plumbing establishment.

"I—really, I don't know," responded the startled proprietor, with a look of sober inquiry.

"Taints, I got anything particular about it?" explained the customer, as he took a chair and cleared his throat.

"Well, the range is all right, but the boiler is a little low. It ought to be a little higher. I reckon there's a nick in the world for every sort, but when a cookin' range is out of gear one wants a plumber."

Garick as a Manager.

Many of Garick's actors thought themselves certain characters superior to their manager. Barry as Romeo, Quinn as Othello and Foote as Bayes were considered by their own adherents to surpass Garick.

Mrs. Wollington's Sir Henry Wildair was so much applauded that Garick abandoned the part, and, in fact, for the sake of economy, he often gave up favorite parts to other members of the company. Mrs. Siddons, who acted as Drury Lane during Garick's last season, complained that she was kept back through the jealousy of her manager. We entirely agree with Mr. Knight that there could be no foundation for such a charge.

Macdonald, the land of the three streams, Varder, Stranna and Vistria, is hemmed in by lofty mountains, of which the best known or the highest are Olympus, Shardagh and Rhodope, the last named rising to between 8,000 and 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is among the most picturesque countries of Europe, abounding in magnificent forests, which climb hills, fringe rivers and cover islands; in wild mountain scenes, wonderful waterfalls, silent lakes—an appropriate setting for gems of emerald lakes, deep gorges, dizzy mountain paths, smiling plains and desolate passes, which ought to score as irresistible attractions to the traveler who regards genuine danger and real discomfort as the appropriate concomitant of pleasure.—Contemporary Review.

A Teaty Churchman.

The late Canon Harper of Selby, in Yorkshire, had a certain oddity and originality, illustrated in one of his advertisements for a curate: "Wanted, by an incumbent, who means to do as his bishop bids him, a curate who means to do as his incumbent bids him—subject to the rule and law of the established church. His text the Bible, his commentary the prayer book. Fully conversant with the church; good choir; very fine church. An earnest man, who can do without income or prostration, will find much work which wants doing, much 'rooms to deny himself,' and a room to bring him. Address Rev. Canon Harper, Selby."—London World.

When the Name Is Changed.

"Why," asked Mr. Ashbury Peppers, "why is the letter 'k' like a wedding?"

"No one noticed him, but he went on: 'The letter 'k' is like a wedding because it causes a change from cooling to cooking.'—Chambers's Tribune.

Plano Sentinal.

The term "recital" was used for the first time in announcing List's piano forte performances at the Old Hauser Square room. The pianist indeed in one of his letters writes, "Le recital, c'est moi."—Academy.

## Disappointments of an ex. P.

One of the great disappointments in the life of an ex. P. is that, though sessions come and sessions go, his little pet scheme of legislation, which he hoped to be able to place on the statute book, never advanced beyond the initiatory stage of first reading. Another cruel disappointment is that, after devoting days and nights to taxing his brain for sentences, epigrams and other flowers of rhetoric for his speech in a great debate, he patiently sits night after night during the time allotted for the debate, on the pounce to "catch the speaker's eye," but fails to fix the attention of that wandering orb, while he hears his arguments and his illustrations used by other men, who have probably gone to the same source for them, until at last the ex. P. comes without an opportunity having been afforded him to relieve his mind of the weighty unspoken speech which oppresses it. Then his constituents complain that he is a useless "silent member." If they do not see his name figuring in the newspaper reports, they are convinced he is neglecting his duty. What consolation is it to him to think of the party office—that is the most useful of members who never takes part in the debates, but is ever at hand to record his vote when the division bells ring out their alarm.—Chambers's Journal.

Prints a King In Exile.

The Fingaro gives, apropos of the Channel islands, some interesting details of "an roi en exil," but of a king who never reigned and an exile who never wandered. The monarch in question is Prince I and the last of that dynasty. He reigned over the Berberian islands, a small group lying to the northeast of Jersey. He had, however, only one subject, his wife, and perhaps that is more than all married men can boast of. The royal residence was in Blanche Ile, and here the king earned a narrow living, his revenue coming from fish, snails, hermit and pigeon breeding. This pigeon he generally ate. A high tide from time to time invaded his kitchen, and also the throneroom, which was next to the kitchen.

He held his wife, Queen Philippe, under despotic control and made her work hard in household avocations. One day her principal task was to be repairing the royal wardrobe, as it is recorded that her gracious majesty the queen of England presented him with a vast some 20 years ago, and that he wears it still. Queen Philippe then presented her sister monarch with a piece of embroidery. Prince I had fallen upon all days and now an exile in an hospital at St. Helier.—Pall Mall Gazette.

All the Same.

"Have you any abundance?" asked Tony Pippin, with an abashed air, as he inserted his legs under a table in one of those quick dispatch restaurants in Park row.

The stuffy haired waiters glanced down at their plain black skirts, blushed laboriously and said:

"What was that you wanted?"

"Abundance."

"How?" you have 'em—baked, boiled, shirred or blast?" the girl responded facetiously. She thought Mr. Pippin was given to repartee.

"I want them fried with bacon," Tony responded, with some severity.

"Will you take my order?"

"Yes, if you call for anything on the bill. This ain't no Chinese laundry."

Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippin grabbed the thumb pointed man, scanned the oyster list for a moment and then said meekly:

"I made a mistake. It's scallops I want."—New York Journal.

Macdonald.

Macdonald, the land of the three streams, Varder, Stranna and Vistria, is hemmed in by lofty mountains, of which the best known or the highest are Olympus, Shardagh and Rhodope, the last named rising to between 8,000 and 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is among the most picturesque countries of Europe, abounding in magnificent forests, which climb hills, fringe rivers and cover islands; in wild mountain scenes, wonderful waterfalls, silent lakes—an appropriate setting for gems of emerald lakes, deep gorges, dizzy mountain paths, smiling plains and desolate passes, which ought to score as irresistible attractions to the traveler who regards genuine danger and real discomfort as the appropriate concomitant of pleasure.—Contemporary Review.

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## Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE MINUET DANCER.

So, my mechanician in the flowered brocade, You call as ever fashion to your aid, Step forth from Gainsborough's canvas and advance.

A powdered Galatee, to the dances. As though the flak was crowded round your chair.

About you clings a faded, old world air, As though the flak was crowded round your chair.

As though the flak was crowded round your chair, As though the flak was crowded round your chair.

They tread the stately measure to its close, The silver buckles and the silver hose, Ladies and equities, that bend and sway, Brilliant as poppies on an August day.

You dance the minuets, and we admire, We dandle in our black and white attire, Whose rustle still seems a more baroque, Set in a frame so far less picturesque.

Yet I take heart; for Love, the endless reign, Since in good sooth his negligence is known As something scandalous attend his own.

And so he whispers, Eyes were bright and long, Long ere the powder was dimmed the town, And faithful shopkeepers still shall bubble on, Although the caprice and the frills be gone.—Alfred Cochrane in Spectator.

ODD FACTS ABOUT MADAGASCAR.

The Pollicemen Sleep on Their Feet.—The Curfew Is of Ancient Use.

Probably the sleepiest pollicemen in the world are those of Madagascar. At Antananarivo, the capital, there is little evidence of the force by day, for its members are all peacefully wrapped in slumber. At night, too, the guardians of property are seldom to be seen, and that he is actually guarding is only to be told by the half hourly cry that is sent up to police post No. 1 alongside the royal palace.